

# RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

*A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.*

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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NUMBER 1.

## CENTRAL PART OF PITTSFIELD, MASS.



The settlement of this town was commenced in 1752, by Solomon Deming, who moved with his family from Wethersfield, Conn. and settled in the east part of the town. Charles Goodrich and a number of others soon followed. Mrs. Deming was the first white female who came into the town, and was often left alone through the night by the necessary absence of her husband, when there was not another white inhabitant in the town, and the wilderness was filled with Indians. She was the last, as well as the first, of the settlers, and died in March, 1818, aged 92. Mr. Goodrich, (who died in 1815, in the 96th year of his age,) drove the first cart and team into the town from Wethersfield, and was obliged to cut his way through the woods a number of miles. In the year 1753, Simon Crofoot, Charles Goodrich, Jacob Ensign, Solomon Deming, Stephen Crofoot, Samuel Taylor, and Elias Willard, obtained an act from the general court, incorporating them by the name of "The proprietors of the settling lots in the township of Poontoosuck." This was the Indian name of the place, which was retained until 1761, when the

town was incorporated by the name of Pittsfield, in honor of the celebrated statesman William Pitt. The proprietors were driven off once or twice by the Indians in the time of the second French war. Three small forts were erected in different parts of the town, as places of safety against the Indians.

The above shows the appearance of the Common, as seen from near the western side. The Congregational Church is the first building, with a spire, on the left; the next the Town-House; the next eastward is the Episcopal Church; the other buildings near are connected with the medical Institution. The ancient elm, one hundred and twenty-six feet in height, is seen rising in the central part of the Common.

Pittsfield is finely situated at the junction of the Housatonic river, and occupies a beautiful expansion of the valley between the Taconic and Green mountain range. The soil of this township is of a superior quality, and is divided into farms exhibiting fine specimens of agriculture. The village in the central part of the town is one of the largest and best built in the county. There is a public

square in the centre, containing about four acres: in the centre of this square is a large elm, which was left standing when the original forest was cleared away. It is 126 feet in height, and 90 feet to the limbs. It is a striking object, and never fails to attract the notice of strangers. There are in the village 4 churches: 1 Congregational, 1 Episcopal, 1 Baptist, and 1 Methodist; the Berkshire Medical Institution, and a number of other public buildings. There is also a bank, the "Agricultural Bank," incorporated in 1818, with a capital of \$100,000; a printing office, an academy, and other seminaries of learning. The *Berkshire Medical Institution* was incorporated in 1823, and is connected with Williams College, at Williamstown. There is a Lyceum of Natural History connected with this institution, formed by its trustees, according to act of the legislature. Pittsfield is 6 miles from Lenox, 35 from Hudson, 33 from Albany, and 125 from Boston. Population 3,575.

In 1837, the value of muskets manufactured were \$24,000. Value of carriages manufactured, \$20,000.—*Hist. Collections of Massachusetts.*

## T A L E S.

From the Auburn Free Press.

THE TWINS;  
A Story of the Far West.

## CHAPTER I.

"A night scene—hurricane—assault—  
And innocence is captive taken;  
But let not virtuous minds revolt—  
Their faith in Providence be shaken."—RAY.

AMIDST an impetuous storm, which raged with terrific violence, Edward Holenbrook knocked at the door of a rude log-house. Drenched with rain, and almost benumbed with cold, he had lost his way among those stupendous hills, which border the Skaneateles and Owasco lakes. With darkness enshrouding him, he had wandered on through the forests, brakes and fens, bewildered amid the contending elements, uncertain of his course.

His loud and repeated raps, seemed for a time unheard, so boisterous howled the tempest around. At length a hoarse voice, belching its tones above the roaring storm, answered his shrill halloo, inquiring who wanted admittance at so unseasonable an hour.

"A wanderer, who has lost his way in your uneven country," replied Edward.

The door was slowly unfastened, and aided by the wind, with violence flew open, presenting at full sight a masculine form, at least six feet high, bearing in one hand a lamp made of horn, which faintly threw its gleams, flaring in the blast, a few feet from the holder, while his other hand grasped a bar which secured the door.

"You can come in until the storm abates," said the gigantic form in a hollow, gruff voice.

The rain then descended in torrents, as if the windows of high heaven had opened another deluge, and Edward embraced the invitation, cold as it was, to enter and await the subsiding of the storm.

Dripping and fatigued with travelling, he sank into the first seat that presented itself, while the man threw a faggot or two on the fire, which sent forth a light blaze, giving him an opportunity of surveying the apartment.

Without saying a word the host seated himself by the blaze, and our wanderer, after casting his eagle eyes rapidly around the room, drew his seat also towards the fire, revolving in his mind the cold and unwelcome reception of his companion. Unused to fear, he had no suspicion that he might unfortunately have fallen into the premises of some unprincipled wretch, whose sequestered life and uncivilized state, had steelled his bosom to the misfortunes of his fellow creatures, and calloused the sensibilities of human nature, in a heart, perhaps cold and insensible as the adamant rock.

He sat for some time, musing to himself, while the storm from without roared dismally, amidst the solitude of the night. The blaze upon the hearth, had subsided, and nothing remained but the dying embers, which faintly cast a glare of light upon them as they sat, silent as the tomb together, when suddenly a loud thump at the door started them both from their seats. The man of the house muttered something half intelligible, of being "again disturbed," and proceeded to the door which he hastily opened and went out, shutting it after him, with a force that made the rude building tremble.

This mysterious action aroused Edward from the lethargic kind of feeling, which his fatigue had thrown him into, and thoughtfully he waited some

time in anxious suspense, for the re-appearance of the man of the house. At length he became impatient, and approached the door, listening to see if he could hear human sounds from without. The storm still burst upon his ears in deafening loudness; but he thought he could distinguish voices a short distance from the door, and soon heard distinctly the startling sound of horses' feet galloping from the house; upon which, he softly returned to his position near the fire.

He had scarcely seated himself, when his host entered the door, and his dark countenance seemed lit with a malicious smile, as he again took his seat.

Mute silence reigned for some time, until Edward started, "I have disturbed you, friend," said he, breaking in upon the stillness that pervaded them: "How far is it to the highway?"

"The path from the house will lead you direct," replied the forester, raising his head, and then relaxing again into the sullen silence which he had hitherto maintained.

"The storm has subsided, and I will pursue my way. Good night, sir," said Edward rising.

"Good night," re-echoed the host—"the right hand path leads to the road."

"Thank you," returned Edward, opening the door, and departing.

He succeeded in reaching the highway, a distance of about a quarter of a mile—when the storm which had gradually been abating, seemed entirely at an end; and the moon, wading through dark clouds, at length burst forth for an instant, as if to light his path.

Unacquainted with the road, the welcome lamp of night was hailed by him with joy; but soon the dark clouds drawing to the west, again obscured the moon, seeming to make the gloom ten times darker than before. He, however, continued his course through the deep mud, slipping at every step, and occasionally coming in contact with a huge stump, of which numbers were scattered on either side of this new road—thinking himself thankful that even these were there, to prevent his miring entirely. Heavily he proceeded for some distance, when he heard the splashing of horses' feet, coming in the same direction in which he was moving.

They had approached within a few rods, when he turned to ascertain who, like himself, was compelled to be travelling in this dark, tempestuous night; when he discovered two horses, and that the one in the rear, was mounted with two riders. As if by some preternatural movement, he stepped behind one of the large trees, which lined the pathway, whose vast trunk would completely conceal him from the passing traveller.

In this situation he strained his eyes through the intense darkness, until they had reached the spot opposite where he stood concealed, when the horse in the rear, began to bound and plunge amidst the mud and water, threatening to dismount its riders; one of whom, by this time, he discovered to be a female. Intently he watched the movements of the spirited animal, which seemed determined not to go ahead; but continued rearing furiously, first starting on one side, and then on the other—occasionally prancing forward, and tossing his head, as he made his tremendous leaps, on either side of the road.

In the midst of the unruliness of the horse, screams from the female assailed his ears, mingled with cries of mercy. By this time, the rider of the

forward horse, had dismounted; and was, in vain, endeavoring to hold the outrageous animal of his companion; when Edward discovered the female springing from the arms of the horseman, who, with one arm, had supported her, and with the other, was reining his horse.

On alighting, she bounded along like a light cloud in a tempest; and, with the rapidity of the wind, made in the direction of the tree that concealed Edward.

The dismounted horseman, on seeing her light form pass him, with a horrid imprecation, quit his hold of the horse, and immediately pursued, uttering death to his victim, unless she stopped.

She had reached the spot where Edward stood, and was hastily passing it, entering the forest, with her pursuer close at her heels, when he stepped from his hiding place, and in a calm, peremptory voice, bade him "Stop!"

"Stop!—Who are you, sir?" cried the enraged fellow, eyeing him from head to foot.

"One who will protect a helpless female," slowly uttered he.

"Stand back, bold intruder," retorted the other, springing forward, and stretching his brawny arms, "Give way—or—"

"Stop! villain! I say," thundered Edward, "Dare proceed another step, and I swear by the dark canopy of heaven! (lowering his voice,) the pure contents of this barrel shall meet you."

At the sound of protection from a third person, the affrighted female stopped, supporting herself by a tree near Edward: and the rider of the furious horse, having succeeded in throwing himself from the saddle, with hasty strides approached the parties.

Edward stood firmly, fronting the horseman, with his rifle raised—his fingers had instinctively cocked the piece, as they clasped the lock, and he watched, with a steady eye, the approach of the other antagonist, who, on seeing him, exclaimed to his companion:

"Hah! who have we here?"

"A stripling, armed and equipped—a huntsman of the forest, I imagine," was the answer.

"O ho! boy!" said he, eyeing him sharply, "'tis you," and at the same time pulling from under his coat, a large horseman's pistol, "Put up that barrel, or this bull-dog shall speak quietness to your interference."

The indignant flash of Edward's dark eyes, seemed for a moment to illuminate the awful opacity around, as he directed them towards this towering form. He at once discovered in his person, the masculine figure of his host, whose sombre countenance was now shadowed under a slouching hat, and his eyes sparkling with a murderous and assassin-like look. The odds against him inspired some degree of fear for the safety of the female, who now, on the approach of this formidable form, clung to him for protection, as if fearful of the result.

At length, collecting himself for the emergency, he hastily, and in a determined tone, spoke to them—

"Whither are ye bearing this female?"

"That is our business, youngster"—quickly retorted the horsemen.

"But why this violence?" said Edward, calmly watching the motions of his powerful looking champion, who was examining the flint of his pistol, apparently unconcerned.

Lightning shot from Edward's eyes, as he beheld



the stoic indifference of this assassin; and his bosom palpitated with emotion—his limbs seemed to distend—and he trembled with an ungovernable rage, as he raised his voice to its loudest tone—again addressing them:

"Begone, or answer me, whither bear you this female?"

With the same indifference, the armed horseman heard this repetition of Edward's question; when, fiercely looking towards him, he answered:

"Stand back!" and snapping his pistol, the flash of which portrayed to view, his murderous countenance. The ball whizzed past the head of Edward, striking a tree behind.

"He stands yet," exclaimed his companion, quickly.

"Yes," said the other gloomily, but in an instant more, hurled his discharged weapon in the air towards his foe.

"He stands yet!" replied Edward, in a hollow voice, rendered so from rage, and with the quickness of thought he levelled at the assassin. As the loud report of the rifle sounded through the solitudes of the forest, a groan burst upon his ear and the heavy form of the horseman fell prostrate on the ground.

Rapidly turning the piece in his hands, he sprang towards the other horseman, who now stood as if petrified. The uplifted butt was ready to descend with force, when the voice of the female caught his ear:—"Spare him, gallant stranger."

At the sound of mercy, the indignant flashes of his eye subsided, and he turned towards the fair one. She had dropped on her knees beside him, clasping in agony his arm, as if to hold him from shedding more blood. Her touch seemed to thrill through his frame:—"Go, wretch," said he, pointing to the horseman, "Go, and thank this female for your worthless life." He was off in an instant; and soon the retreating sounds of horses' feet died away in the distance.

The moon at this instant, emerged from the fleecy clouds, and shed a lustre around. Inanimate on one side, lay the gigantic figure of the horseman; on the other, the prostrate female still clung to him. He gazed upon the scene a moment, and gently raised the girl from the ground. She was pale as marble, and he felt the warm tears upon his hand, as he bore her to the opening of the forest.

"Where is your residence, lovely maid?" said Edward, "I will bear you home."

"Home! alas! gallant stranger, it's impossible, leave me; the orphans' God will now protect me."

"And Edward will; the lion was only roused for a moment, gentle girl. He would have murdered us; but this companion (looking at his rifle) never deserted me—'twas sure, though darkness obscured us." He said this in a slow, melancholy voice, as she raised her head towards him, saying,

"You saved me, generous man; but leave me now: darkness and forests are familiar to me."

"What, leave you here? I should be unworthy of the name of man. No, maiden, Edward never deserted the distressed."

"In mercy, noble hunter, continue your course," answered she quickly. "He will be here soon—or—I mean they will seek me—my friends will come after me." So intent was she on keeping in profound secrecy, her residence, she almost betrayed herself.

Edward was at a loss to comprehend her.—"Who will be here after you?—Surely, maiden, my looks are not frightful."

"O, no one will come," said she, "do go stranger, and ever command my gratitude."

Edward revolved, for some time, what to do, until at length he determined on seeking the next house for conveyance for his charge; and starting, he said,

"Stay, maiden, I will away to the next house for conveyance," and starting with speed, was soon of sight.

It was nearly two miles to the house, and the day began to dawn as he sought for admittance. With some difficulty he procured a rude wagon, and a young man to accompany him back.

But on his return, astonishment took possession of him on beholding no traces of the girl he had rescued. She was gone! In vain he and his companion traversed the forest, making the woods resound with shouts. She was no where to be seen. His astonishment was still further increased, on beholding also, that the body of the horseman was missing. At length, giving up the search as fruitless, he pensively retraced his steps towards home.

#### CHAPTER II.

"Come both and live with me—  
I'll clothe ye, feed ye, give you rest."—THE ORPHANS.

To record the events of a year, in which the vicissitudes of life are as a blank, and nothing but the dull routine which usually takes place from day to day, is too tedious; and as uninteresting to the reader, as it is laborious for the writer. We shall therefore pass over that space of time, which has no concern with the present history of events, and introduce our readers immediately to those scenes in which Edward Holenbrook, again thrusts himself upon us, after briefly informing them of some few early events concerning him:—

In the year 1760 two brothers reached this country from Holland, and settled on the banks of the Hudson. They had no children or wives to inherit their property, or cheer their solitude in this land of strangers, in which they had located themselves.

After about two years residence in this country, on a dark and gloomy night in November, the elder of these brothers was awakened from his sleep by the roaring of a tremendous storm, which shook the building they inhabited. So loud howled the tempest, accompanied by peals of reverberating thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, that nature seemed convulsed. The wind roared like the rushing cataract of Niagara, and the universe appeared as if approaching to its original chaos.

Alarmed he arose from his sleepless couch traversing the room amidst this war of elements, whose deafening loudness burst upon his ear like

"The crash of Worlds."

From a gleam of lightning, which, for an instant, illuminated the horrific darkness without, through the window he discovered a basket in the piazza adjoining the house.

Curiosity at once impelled him to the spot to examine this unusual article, deposited in a part of their premises. Without hesitation, he opened the door, and approached it. It was a neat willow basket, covered cleverly, with an oval handle, convenient for the carrier.

Without waiting to examine its contents he raised it, proceeding to the interior of the house, resolving to rescue it from the ravages of the storm, which then seemed to increase.

Placing his prize in one corner of the room, he again threw himself upon the bed, and after musing

for some time, fell into the embraces of the somniferous god, notwithstanding the rattling of the storm.

As Aurora began to throw open her portals of night in the east, the younger brother awoke: the murmuring cries of an infant, seemed to strike his ear, and he awoke the elder brother.

"What sounds are those, brother?" said he.

"It's the moaning of the storm in its lullaby, I expect," said the elder, half asleep.

"If we had infant children in our dwelling, I should suppose them to proceed from something that required a lullaby," replied the other.

The elder brother by this time had rubbed his eyes open, though still half asleep:

"That sounds like an infant, truly," said he.

"If that is not a child, I'm no Dutchman," replied the younger brother.

"Child! child! how, and where should we have children?"

"Heavens! if that was not the cry of an infant," said the youngest, springing from the bed—his eyes starting from their sockets.

"Bring it to me and I'll sing lullaby to it," replied the elder, laughing, and turning over to take another nap.

On alighting on the floor, the younger of the brothers discovered the basket in the corner of the room. It would require the pencil of a Hogarth to picture his astonishment, as his eyes were riveted towards the contents of this portable dwelling, when he saw it was inhabited—two smiling infants appeared locked in each other's arms. Gently raising one of them, he cautiously returned to the bed, where his brother lay, saying, "Here, brother, here, fulfill your promise and sing to it."

Had the Virgin Mary, with the Bethlehem babe, appeared before him, he could not have been more astonished.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed he, "where did you find it?"

"In this basket:—and when you have sung this to sleep, I'll bring you another."

"Another!" said he, starting up from the bed—his eyes rolling and stretched open to the moderate size of a saucer.

"Yes another! come sing lullaby—It's a prolific basket, and bids fair to multiply and replenish."

He arose to satisfy himself, muttering curses on the storm, and the inhumanity of those who could thus abandon their offspring.

"Come, brother," said the youngest. "It's an ill wind that blows no one good, there is one a piece for us, sing away."

"It was an ill wind that blew these upon us, though—what shall we do with them?"

"Do?—why get a nurse for them, and you can sing lullaby."

The younger brother's joking, however, ceased; and they began seriously to devise some means of detecting the inhuman authors of this "windfall," as the younger brother called it. But all their endeavors to ascertain to whom they belonged, proved fruitless.

As one was a girl and the other a boy, the eldest brother concluded to take the latter and adopt it for his own, while the infant girl fell to the lot of the younger, who soon after married, and returned to Holland, taking with him his adopted daughter.

Some few years elapsed, and the infant boy, who took the name of his protector and adopted father, Edward Holenbrook, began to ripen in years. His father married an amiable widow with an only

daughter about the same age of the youthful Edward.

Emigration, at this time, began to take place to the western part of this state.—The six nations of Indians that were hostile and prevented the enterprising sons of the east from settling o'er that vast extent of territory, hitherto uninhabited, save by the aborigines of the country, were subdued. The tide was great, and our generous Hollander was borne on its current to this "land of promise." He removed from the delightful banks of the Hudson, and located himself in that region of country on the eastern borders of the Owasco lake. It was here Edward grew from youth to manhood, an experienced hunter, and a practicable farmer. His education was, however, of a refined cast, as both those he supposed his parents, were of that class whose minds had been well stored with intelligence, in early life; and had spared no pains to impart, and inculcate, in the minds of those under their charge, useful and instructing information.

The natives scarcely, if ever, intruded themselves upon the white inhabitants, at this time, though Edward had frequent interviews with some of the Cayugas—among whom was an outcast son of one of the chiefs. It was seldom, however, that this native of the forest was seen.—But a trifling incident occurred in one of his hunting excursions, which brought this generous Indian to the notice of Edward.

It was a sultry day in September, and he had descended to the shore of the lake with his rifle. While resting upon the steep declivity of the hill bordering the shore, he discovered in the distance, the rippling waters clearing asunder, the head and antlers of a noble buck advancing, rapidly crossing to a point of land which projected into the lake. It was but the work of an instant for him to level his piece, and the reverberating sound of his rifle echoed its report over the waters of the lake, and died away in the distance.

Victor, his dog, the usual companion of his excursions, was kennelled at home, and he divested himself to the skin, and plunged into the lake, to bring his prize to the shore. Half his distance was accomplished, when he was seized with the cramp, the excruciating pain of which deprived him of the power of swimming. Struggling in agony, he shouted for assistance, aware however, that it seemed impossible for any one to be at hand.

At this critical moment, just as he was sinking, he descried the towering form of the outcast Indian rushing into the lake, bursting the black water with nervous arms and leaving a streak of foam behind as he propelled himself with Herculean strength through the little billows. He was sinking powerless the second time, as the native approached, in bubbling foam, the spot where he had sank. When he recovered his recollection, he was lying on the green sward of the bank. The Indian had borne him, like Æneas from the flames of Troy, upon his back, through the mass of waters to the shore.

In the fullness of his gratitude, Edward embraced the son of the forest, who, deaf to his entreaties, was now, seeing, he was no longer in jeopardy, ready to depart.

"Stay but a moment—I owe you my life," implored Edward.

"Not to me, but to my Father, is the praise," quickly retorted the Indian.

"Thou art a being, above thy companions," said Edward, "ask of me what thou wilt, and I will load thee with gifts."

Like a meteor's light bursting upon the dark-

ness, the eyes of the Indian gleamed bright for an instant in anger, as he stretched forth his bare arms towards the setting sun, and throwing his tall form erect—"No gifts—no reward: here," said he, striking his bare bosom, "here is the Indian's reward."

Edward was awe-struck at the commanding figure, and lofty sentiment of this untutored savage: and presenting his open hand to the Indian, while tears of gratitude stood in his eye, he said, beseechingly, "Edward Hohenbrook wishes you to take this rifle—give me in return your knife."

A nod of assent from the savage, showed that he was pleased, and on the exchange being completed, the Indian pressed his hand, and vanished into the recesses of the forest, while Edward pursued his way towards the house.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### A CHAPTER ON KISSING.

"They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow  
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;  
They gazed upon the glittering sea below.  
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;  
They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low;  
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light;  
Into each other—and, beholding this,  
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss."

Kissing has come down to us from the remotest antiquity. It is blended with the history of man, and has at different periods, assumed an important place as a civil and religious ceremonial. In this country it is merely considered as a salutation expressive of the warmth of affection. From whatever cause it may have originated, it would seem to be a very natural expression for the finer feelings of the soul; for even the inferior creation, in their own Symbolic language manifest their affection for each other, and even for the human species, in a manner very similar. Hence its perpetuation; clothed as it is with all the veneration that we attach to age, and being in a measure, incited as it were, by instinct.

Linked as this custom is with our infantile years, we cannot well cast it from our memory. How well we recollect a mother's fond greetings, and the endearing embrace of our sisters! But passed are they with our boyhood years. Gone is that loved mother. Quietly sleeps that sweet sister beneath the clods of the valley! Around the scenes of one's childhood it is ever delightful to linger; for then every thing was so joyous and innocent, so untouched by the cares and turmoils of the world. And truly, amid all those early recollections, nothing is more pleasant, and more holy than the memory of a mother's kiss. That man, however proud his estate, must be callous to those purer feelings of our nature, who does not pleasurably remember the kiss of his mother.

But there is another kind of kiss, if we may use a qualifying term, a kiss which is the signet of affection between lovers, "a kiss of youth and love;" emanating from hearts already indissolubly united. 'Tis not merely youthful fancy—'tis not the ebullition of a heated imagination; for who that has seen the maiden's cheek tinged with the deep crimson of a blush, but that has justly thought that there was passion in that vibration of life's genial current—that kiss told of latent feeling—of passion's essence. As an emblem of plighted faith, as a token of the ardency of the lover's emotions, language wants in power to express the sensations it conveys to the heart.

Custom, also, tolerates kissing among friends,

where there are neither ties of consanguinity, or of affection, merely as an expression of friendship. This kiss so far as it emanates from sincerity of heart, is commendable; but where it is only performed through cold formality, and then, too, at every meeting of neighborhood friends, is truly nauseous. So hallowed a thing as a kiss, should not be sacrificed to the hollow-heartedness of the world.

However, of all others, the "stolen kiss" is the most ecstatic, and soul stirring. An amateur should describe it. We can say nothing of it except by its effects. To drink in its rich melody, imagine, the pouting of those ruby lips—the bewitching black eye, that half looks madness, half good humor—a countenance half chagrined, half pleased, putting on at the same time a deeper and more lovely hue; and then the object, one that you had almost dared to love, and you have it. This kiss is often perpetrated through mere wantonness, or a species of fancied gallantry, and the donor depends solely upon the charity of the recipient for pardon; which to the honor of the species, is ever granted, unless it is too often, and uncourtously performed. The kind and generous hearted maiden, will not impose a very heavy penance for so slight a sin. We think the Poet undoubtedly alluded to this kiss when he said!—

There's something in a kiss,  
Though I cannot reveal it;  
Which never comes amiss—  
Not even when we steal it.

The virtue of a kiss evidently depends upon the motive. It should be guarded with Vestal care and never sacrilegiously offered up on the altar of impurity, or palsied by the icy touch of blind formality.

As a custom indicative of the fervency of the affections, it should ever be tolerated; for whatever tends to keep them alive, perpetuates some of the noblest characteristics of the human family.

August 19, 1844.

SIGMA.

For the Rural Repository.

### PARTY SPIRIT.

BY A. A. FORBES.

THERE is a spirit of giant form, and demoniac aspect, marching in terror over our beautiful land from the North, to the South, and from the shores of the Atlantic, to the Western wilderness. Ruin marks his progress, and moral desolation like a pestilence follows him. He has placed his withering hand on the bonds of union which unite us together as a Nation. He has laid his axe at the root of the glorious "tree of Liberty," which has so long overshadowed us—beneath whose wide and extended branches the oppressed of every land have for years found peace and protection—that tree which our father's toiled and suffered to plant, and watered with their blood while defending it from the attacks of arbitrary and tyrannical power—and behold! its branches have begun to wither, and its foliage to fade.

He has undermined the institutions of our Country, both moral and political, until they totter to their very foundations. More than this he has arrayed fathers against their children, and children against their fathers: neighbor against neighbor, and friend against friend in deadly hostility. He has buried more deeply the seeds of hatred and revenge and kindled a flame in the human bosom which cannot easily be extinguished. Honor and truth before him flee, religion mourns her shrines deserted, and heaven-born virtue weeps to see her name despised, her laws perverted.

This has been done in his career of ruin and des-



olation, and unless speedily arrested in his course by some mighty power he will have effected his desired object. The bonds which unite us together will be dis severed, "As the flax which breaks asunder at the touch of fire." Discord and revenge will sit round our household hearths "like shapes hot from Tartarus." The tree of Liberty will be laid low in the dust, and the ruins of this glorious and flourishing Republic stand as sad monuments to future ages of the might of this spoiler! Is the name of this destroyer asked? It is Party Spirit! the deadliest enemy of our Republic.

Let no one say that all is well—that we are in no danger from this cause. There is danger! Party Spirit has ruined other Nations, and it will soon ruin us unless arrested in its course.

Are examples necessary to convince us of its baneful effects? Review the pages of History! Go to the ruins of the once populous city of Athens, and Sparta, and ask what mighty power has laid them so low in the dust? A voice from the dead will resound through their deserted streets and answer, *Party Spirit*.

For ages the glorious city of Jerusalem in which the God of Israel delighted to dwell—the wisdom of whose kings and rulers extended to the most remote regions of the earth—withstood the attacks of her enemies. Like a queen she sat in the midst of her native hills, and the scattered tribes of Palestine laid their tribute at her feet. Rome with her conquering legions encompassed her about and besieged her almost impregnable walls. Long she withstood the attacks of the Roman soldiers led on by the invincible Titus—but at length the demon of Party Spirit sprang up within the city, created divisions in the minds of her citizens, and arrayed them against each other in battle. Civil war with all its horrors raged within, whilst the Romans without completed the ruin of this mighty city, which had so long resisted the invader's power. Her walls were thrown down; her beautiful Temple destroyed and her inhabitants led away captive to far distant lands. She fell a victim to the might of Party Spirit.

Rome herself—the "Seven hilled city"—that in pride her sceptre swayed o'er earth and sea; and in her strength the world defied—she also fell a prey to this spoiler. Discords and dissensions arose among her Rulers. Cæsar and Pompey marshalled the hosts against each other in battle array, and from that time she sank down, until at length she has become a by-word and reproach, amongst the Nations of the earth. Her fate is written in characters that all may read—*PARTY SPIRIT DESTROYED ROME!*

*Is there no danger?* Turn to the history of more modern times. Look at France in that stormy period which immediately followed the American Revolution emphatically called the "Reign of Terror," when her streets were deluged with the blood of her noblest citizens, her prisons filled to overflowing, and the voice of mourning resounded through the land. Religion was for a time hurled from her throne, the ties of society both civil and social were destroyed, and Party Spirit with all its horrors reigned Omnipotent in the sunny clime of France. There we may behold its sad effects in their most dreadful forms, and shall we not tremble lest the like calamities come upon us.

*Is there no danger?* Look at yonder vessel on that calm and gentle sea. How joyful are its crew as their ship glides silently along to their destined port, which in anticipations they already behold! They think of the friends of youth—of their much

loved homes—the memory of which time nor distance could not erase. But these, alas! they are doomed never to behold! A furious tempest suddenly arises—the sea is lashed into fury—the vast concave of Heaven is lighted up, the thunder roars, and the devoted ship is overwhelmed by the raging elements. She sinks down within sight of the destined port.

So it may be with us—like some beautiful and majestic vessel we have been wafted by gentle gales over the calm and unruffled sea of Prosperity. The heavens above us have long been unclouded—the sun has shone with ceaseless brilliancy, and nothing has arisen to disturb the tranquility of the scene. But at length the storm begins to gather around us, the skies grow black, the thunder roars and we are in the midst of danger, surrounded on all sides by the wrecks of those who have preceded us.

Yes! there is danger. Party Spirit is laying its hand on all that is fair and lovely in our land! already has he begun his work of destruction! and shall we slumber while this invisible agent is at work amongst us, shall we listen to the Syren's song while ruin hangs over our beloved country, while a voice is sounding in our ears warning us "that a country divided in itself cannot stand," while we have so many examples before our eyes to show us our imminent danger? Let us awake and watch with increased vigilance! Let us add another and stronger cord to the bonds of union, and set a stronger guard around the Tree of Liberty! Let us repair the shattered walls of our Free Institutions and drive the demon of Party Spirit from our land!

Wake! Patriots wake! and guard the land—  
The blood bought land your fathers gave you—  
Rise in one firm, determined band,  
Let not this giant power enslave you!  
Drive out the demon, Party Spirit,  
From the blest land which ye inherit.

Hinesburgh, Vt. 1844.

## BIOGRAPHY.



ROBERT FULTON.

ROBERT FULTON, a celebrated engineer, whose name is connected with steamboat navigation, was born in the town of Little Britian, in the state of Pennsylvania, in 1765. His genius disclosed itself at an early period. He was attracted to the shops of mechanics; and at the age of seventeen he painted landscapes and portraits in Philadelphia. Thus he was enabled in part to purchase a small farm

for his widowed mother. At the age of twenty-one he by the advice of his friends repaired to London, to place himself under guidance of Mr. West, the painter, and by him was kindly received, and admitted as an inmate of his house for several years. Prosecuting his business as a painter, he spent two years in Devonshire, where he became acquainted with the duke of Bridgewater and with lord Stanhope, well known for his attachment to the mechanic arts. In 1793, he engaged in the project of improving inland navigation, and in 1794, obtained patents for a double inclined plane, and for machines for spinning flax and making ropes. The subject of canals now chiefly occupied his attention, and at this period, in 1796, his work on canals was published. In his profession of civil engineer he was greatly benefited by his skill in drawing and painting. He went to Paris in 1797, and being received into the family of Joel Barlow, he there spent seven years, studying chemistry, physics, and mathematics, and acquiring a knowledge of the French, Italian, and German languages. In Dec. 1797, he made his first experiment on sub-marine explosion in the Seine, but without success. His plan for a sub-marine boat was afterwards perfected. In 1801, while he was residing with his friend Mr. Barlow, he met in Paris chancellor Livingston the American minister, who explained to him the importance in America of navigating boats by steam. Mr. Fulton had already conceived the project as early as 1793, as appears by his letter to lord Stanhope. He now engaged anew in the affair, and at the common expense of himself and Mr. Livingston built a boat on the Seine in 1803, and successfully navigated the river. The principles of the steam engine he did not invent; he claimed only the application of that machine to water wheels for propelling vessels. In 1806, he returned to America; and he and Mr. Livingston built, in 1807, the first boat, the Clermont, 130 feet in length which navigated the Hudson at the rate of five miles an hour. Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of all who witnessed the experiment. The minds of the most incredulous were changed in a few minutes. Before the boat had made the progress of a quarter of a mile, the greatest unbeliever must have been converted. The man who, while he looked on the expensive machine, thanked his stars that he had more wisdom than to waste his money on such idle schemes, changed the expression of his features as the boat moved from the wharf and gained her speed, and his complacent expression gradually softened into one of wonder. The jeers of the ignorant, who had neither sense nor feeling enough to suppress their contemptuous ridicule and rude jokes, were silenced for a moment by a vulgar astonishment, which deprived them of the power of utterance, till the triumph of genius extorted from the incredulous multitude which crowded the shores, shouts and acclamations of congratulation and applause. In Feb. 1809, he took out his first patent. In 1810, he published his Torpedo war. In 1811, and 1812, he built two steam ferry boats for crossing the Hudson, he contrived also very ingenious floating docks for the reception of these boats. In 1813, he obtained a patent for a sub-marine battery. Conceiving the plan of a steam man of war, the government, in March 1814, appropriated \$320,000 for constructing it, and appointed him the engineer. In about four months she was launched with the name of Fulton the first; but before this frigate was finished, Fulton had paid the debt of nature.

He died the 24th of February, 1815, aged fifty years, an early exit for one who had done so much for his country, and indeed for the world. His fame was so extensive, that his death was sincerely mourned, by the whole of the great American family, for he was considered as national property; and much, very much, was still expected of one in the full vigor of mind and body. His disease was brought on suddenly; being a violent inflammation of the chest, produced from a cold, caught by exposure during an inclement season, while in the discharge of his public duties. Mr. Fulton had not only attracted the gaze of the world, but had secured many friends, who loved him for his virtues, and admired him for his talents. He was tall and graceful; and without hauteur or affectation; he was colloquial and affectionate, and at times spoke with eloquence and majesty. Avarice never had for a moment the slightest control over him; and if he ever seemed anxious for wealth, it was to lavish it in schemes of improvement for the benefit of mankind. His sharp dark eye never flashed with envy and hatred, but beamed with benignity on all around him. His enmities, amidst all his trials, soon passed away, but his friendships were imperishable. The splendid plates, done under his care and at his expense, to be found in the quarto edition of the Columbiad, are proofs of his friendship to Barlow; and that we possess some of West's paintings in this country, is more owing to his friendship, and respect for his old master, than to the liberality of any other individual in this country. The United States should provide for his children, and erect a monument to his fame.

### MISCELLANY.

#### THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

"You have read sufficiently long, Charles," said an elderly physician of my acquaintance to his student, a youth who had been studying medicine some two years, "to commence visiting the sick! I will take you along with me this morning, and you will have an opportunity of seeing, as well as reading of the many changes in diseases we have to watch with an eye of much scrutiny and discrimination, in order to enable us more correctly to judge the character and treatment of various cases, than we could possibly learn from reading all the books ever published on the science." And sure enough, off went preceptor and pupil in the daily round of professional visits.

The first house they entered, was one where a man in a convalescent state, was lounging upon a bed, while his nurse was comfortably seated in a rocking chair, reading a novel for his amusement. The doctor approached the bed, and after feeling the pulse of the patient, turned to the nurse and said: "He has been eating oysters! Why did you let him have them?"

The nurse declared most positively that he had not; but on being more closely interrogated, said he only ate two or three.

After leaving the house, the student asked the doctor how in the world he could tell that it was oysters he had eaten?

"Why, I saw the shells under the bed!" was the reply.

The doctor being very busy the next day, sent the student alone to the patient, and upon his return asked him how he was.

"He is much worse," said the young disciple; "I think he will die. He has eaten a horse!"

"A horse!" vociferated the physician.

"Yes, sir; a horse!"

"How in the world did you find out that he had eaten a horse?"

"Because, sir," said the knowing student, "I saw a saddle and bridle under the bed!"

### YOUTH, LOVE, AND AGE.

A YOUNG man's ambition is but vanity; it has no definite aim; it plays with a thousand toys. As with one passion so with the rest. In youth, love is ever on the wing, but, like the birds of April, it hath not yet built its nest. With so long a career of summer and hope before it, the disappointment of to-day is succeeded by the novelty of to-morrow, and the sun that advances to the noon but dries up its fervent tears. But when we have arrived at the epoch of life when, if the light fail us, if the last rose wither, we feel that the loss cannot be retrieved and that the frost and the darkness are at hand, love becomes to us a treasure that we watch over and hoard with a miser's care. Our youngest born affection is our darling and our idol, the fondest pledge of the past, and the most cherished of our hopes for the future. A certain melancholy that mingles with our joy at the possession only enchants its charm. We feel ourselves so dependant on it for all that is yet to come. Our other barks, our galleys of pleasure, our stately argosies of pride, have been swallowed up by the remorseless wave. On this last vessel we freight our all; to its frail tenement we commit ourselves. The star that guided it is our guide, and in the tempest that menaces we behold our doom!

### LOGIC.

"Dad," said a hopeful sprig "how many fowls are there on the table?"

"Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely roasted chickens that were smoking on the dinner table, "why my son there are two."

"Two!" replied young smartness, "there are three sir, and I'll prove it."

"Three!" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain matter of fact man, and who understood things as he saw them, "I'd like to have you prove that."

"Easily done sir, easily done! Aint that one?" laying his knife on the first.

"Yes that's certain," said his dad.

"And aint that two?" pointing to the second, "and don't 1 and 2 make three?"

"Really?" said the father, turning to the old lady who was in amazement at the immense learning of her son, "really, wife, this boy is a genius, and deserves to be encouraged for it. Here old lady, do you take one fowl, and I'll take the second, John may have the third for his learning."

### A BLUSH.

WHAT is more uncontrollable than a blush? Its transit is sudden, obtrusive, and often an unwelcome tell-tale. A word, act, look, or thought, sends to the face the soft tints that would beggar all description, art or nature beside. The mellow tints of the western horizon at twilight, would be mere mockery, compared to this phenomenon. The feelings are alone glowingly portrayed in the face; the true index to our emotions: no other change is induced in the whole organization. We have seen its glow on the cheek of the orator at a misplaced word; at the social board it mantles the face of the

maiden, at the slip of a *coffee-cup*, or the inaccurate altitude of the *knife or fork*. Those who are not susceptible to its influence may at times dissemble, but they are entirely destitute of that virtuous expression of feeling which no words can convey.

### JONATHAN'S HUNTING EXCURSION.

"DID you ever hear of the scrape that I and Uncle Zekiel had duckin' on't on the Connecticut?" asked Jonathan Timbertoes, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage for and in consideration of, a bran new tin milk pan.

"No, I never did, do tell it," was the reply.—"Well, you must know that I and Uncle Zeke took it into our heads on Saturday arternoon to go a gunnin' arter ducks, in father's skiff; so in we got and skulled down the river, a proper sight of ducks flew up and down the river I tell ye—and a few of 'em lit down by the marsh, and went to feedin' on muscles. I caught up my peauder-horn, to prime, and it slipt right out of my hand, and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now I couldn't swim a jot; so I sez to Uncle Zeke, you're a pretty clever fellow; jest let me take your peauder-horn to prime; and don't you think the stingy critter wouldn't!—'Well,' says I, 'you're a pretty good diver, and if you dive and get it, I'll give you a priming.' I tho't he'd leave his peauder-horn, but he didn't; but he stuck it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid."

Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan added—

"I looked down, and what do you think the critter was doin'?"

"Lord!" exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know."

"There he was," said our hero, "settin' right on the bottom of the river, pourin' the peauder out of my horn into hizzen!"

### EYES.

NOTHING can be more certain than that the black eye indicates loquaciousness. Is not the sky black before it thunders? and is it not blue when it is tranquil? But who would be satisfied with a sky forever the same sleepy blue? And who would dwell in a climate where the heavens were always black with tempests? Therefore, we incline to the hazle or grey eye, which lightens in anger or melts in good humor. When a pair of these grey ones fasten upon us, we feel indescribable emotions! We feel, as we suppose those flies do in warm weather who turn over on their backs and spin round like whirligigs, in a kind of fly-ecstasy!

### ENDURING AFFECTION.

THERE was a man thirty years ago who wanted a young lady to marry him. He got the question as far out as to say—

"Madam, will you—"

When his heart failed him, and he ran away to France. Yesterday, he came back to her and said—

"Have me?"

And the old lady said—

"Certainly."

As a pendant to the above, the Clipper gives the following:

We can beat you there. Some time during the revolutionary war, a young man called upon a



friend of his, since dead, and borrowed ten dollars—saying as he took it—

"You shall have it again!"

But his gratitude choked his utterance, and he could say no more.

A few days ago, a very old man called on the grand-son of the money lender, and shaking him warmly by the hand exclaimed—

"When it suits my convenience."

#### A RICH SCENE.

The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the Judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam.

Judge—"What's your native language?"

Witness—"I pe no native; I's a Dutchman."

Judge—"What is your mother tongue?"

Witness—"O, fader say she pe all tongue."

Judge—(In an irritable tone)—"What language did you first learn? what language did you speak in the cradle?"

Witness—"I tid not speak no language in the cradle at all, I only *cried in Dooch*." Then there was a general laugh in which the Judge, Jury and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his *native language*.

#### A GOOD REASON.

A FEW days since, a Grand Jury out South ignored a bill against a negro, for stealing chickens, and before discharging him from custody, the Judge bade him stand reprimanded; he concluded as follows:

"John you may go now, but (shaking his finger at him,) let me warn you never to appear here again."

John, with delight beaming from his big white eyes, and with a broad grin, displaying a new row of beautiful ivory replied;

"I wouldn't bin this time, Judge, only the constable fotched me!"

REWARDS OF MERIT.—"Sam," said one little urchin to another, yesterday—"Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a lickin' regularly every day and says I merits two!"

FIRST DISCOVERY.—A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman, Foote whispered him, "why dont you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right by the law of nations, as the first discoverer," replied Foote.

NO END TO IT.—"Put out a little further," said a doctor who was examining the tongue of a female patient, she complied. "A little further, if you please"—she obeyed again. "Put it out as far as possible madam." "Mercy, doctor," says she, "you must think there is no end to a woman's tongue."

A WOMAN quarelling with her husband, told him she believed that if she should die he would marry the Devil's daughter.—The tender husband replied: "The law does not allow a man to marry two sisters!"

"Boy why don't you go to school?" "Cause sir, daddy is afear'd that if I learns every thing now, I shant have any thing to learn when I go to the academy."

## Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1844.

### TO OUR PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC.

THE present number commences the twenty first volume. We open the year again with renewed energy and encouragement. We are sincerely grateful for the friendly patronage we have received and devoutly thank our friends who have so warmly exerted themselves, the preceding year in behalf of our Journal. It shall be our ambition to merit a renewal of that patronage and we will guarantee that the present volume shall surpass in elegance and interest, any previous attempt.

We have been at much additional expense in our embellishments. The Engravings are all masterly performances, done by the best Artists, and are appropriately chosen, representing scenes in this and foreign countries; among which is a beautiful view of Nantucket, with an interesting description, and also other places in Massachusetts, New-York, &c. Among our foreign cuts we shall give a splendid engraving of the city of Bristol, in England, and Rotterdam, in Holland;—a large portion of these plates will probably never appear in any other paper. It is also our intention to continue the practice of giving the Portraits and Biographies of celebrated men of all nations, including several engraved expressly for this work—eminent men of our own country, &c.

Those who desire to continue this Paper for the ensuing year, will please send in their names as early as possible. No pains shall be spared to render this volume as interesting a fire-side companion as usual. It has survived most of its contemporaries, and has ever been found replete with useful and entertaining matter; presenting a concise and general summary of the Literature of the day. For its size, our periodical has been allowed, by competent judges, to be equal in value and interest, to any other extant. We have received for this volume, several contributions of an entirely original and novel character; and of uncommon interest. These considerations we hope will induce all those who wish to subscribe for the present volume, to favor us with their names as soon as possible, as we shall not continue to send to any without further orders.

For terms, see Prospectus on last page.

### THE PRESENT NUMBER.

We present our readers with a Tale full of startling interest and midnight adventure; one located among the wild scenes of the far west. The introduction is nearly as terrific as a Tale of the "Dark Ages," when justice was done by force instead of right. It is called a Tale, but it is a genuine American Romance, replete with the remarkable and singular. The author has searched throughout all Nature for his incidents; the one giving the fate of the Eagle, is singularly patriotic and sublime. The character of Edward (one of the Twins) contains a specimen of *Nature's Nobility*, and is American in all its features. We think we may safely say this Tale is one of the highest wrought in Strength, Elegance and Native Genius, of any we have heretofore given the Public. The noble generosity of the Indian Chief in refusing a compensation for saving the life of Edward, is strictly characteristic of that ancient race, now fast disappearing from amongst us; and will afford an example of magnanimity rarely excelled at the present time. The Western Beauty Cornelia—"the Mountain Maid," who tends the wounded—rescues the girls from a watery grave—lives as a recluse, &c. will please many of our fair readers. The interest increases as the Tale progresses—it needs but to be read, to be admired.

Our readers will also find in this number an essay on Party Spirit, written by a talented individual. Can any reflecting person peruse this eloquent appeal without feeling its force and truth? The piece is one of impartiality, and as it favors neither one side nor the other, we think it not out of place in our miscellaneous Journal—but should decline entering any further into subjects of a political hearing—for we seek not to affront either party, but a little advice to both may not be amiss.

We also present the lovers of sentiment with an elegant little *jeu d'esprit*, entitled "A Chapter on Kissing." Though we do not often *transgress* in this way, yet we are willing to know *when* we do so. The piece is at once novel and elegant; many of our readers we have no doubt, will be surprised to know that so much indeed can be said about that seal of affection and good-will—a *kiss*. We shall be glad again to hear from our author—his essay is truly original, sprightly and interesting.

In the present number, we give a splendid Poem entitled "The Maniac's Appeal," from the pen of that highly gifted Poetess, Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson, well known to our readers by her several productions in this way, in this and other Periodicals. The present Poem, though written in early life, is replete with more than ordinary Poetic sentiment, and will be

duly appreciated by all lovers of the muses. As a bright star of Genius, she needs not the admiration and praise we would otherwise bestow.

The Poems "Bianca Risolo," and "Youth, Manhood, and Old Age," possess much merit.

### GRAND JUBILEE AT PITTSFIELD, MASS.

WE understand there was on the 22d and 23d of this month an extraordinary meeting of the oldest inhabitants of Berkshire Co. at Pittsfield, Mass. (See Plate.)

The purpose of this meeting was, in the words of a celebrated authoress—"for them to come, and bring back the teachings of experience;—the wisdom learnt in other lands;—to unburden the sordid cares of life, and on their native green hills, of youth, forget for awhile the bank-note world." This call was very generally responded to;—some thousands attended, and in spite of adverse weather, the thing passed off with much eclat, and sociable feeling on all sides. A grand Jubilee Dinner was given on the occasion, and it is estimated some 5000 persons were present.

WE give a very striking and correct Portrait, engraved expressly for this paper, by a young artist of this city, of the immortal Fulton, whose monument is found in those superb floating Palaces, proudly conveying us, without respect to wind or tide, wheresoever we wist. Years have passed away since this noble achievement was accomplished, yet it remains a wondrous novelty—a welcome spectacle all are willing to gaze on; and the name of Fulton is in the hearts of all—a name never to be forgotten.

THE First Anniversary Celebration of Allen Lodge, No. 92, L. O. of O. F. of the city of Hudson, took place on the 29th. An Address was delivered by Brother E. B. Shaw.—Oration by Rev. Brother E. H. Chapin, Past Grand Master, of Massachusetts. Upon the whole it was quite a splendid affair.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

H. H. Nelson, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. Sacentrappa, Me. (for Vol. 20.) \$1.00; B. V. H. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00; H. F. Varysburg, N. Y. \$1.00; L. A. H. Burlington Flats, N. Y. \$1.00; Misses W. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. P. New-York, \$2.00; J. H. Gove-land, N. Y. \$1.00; M. S. Quebec Village, Vt. \$1.00; A. H. J. South Egremont, Ms. \$1.00; E. E. jr. New York, \$1.00; H. W. Mendon, N. Y. \$1.00; M. M. H. West Martinsburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; C. B. Queensbury, N. Y. \$1.00; R. H. B. Attlebury, N. Y. \$3.00; C. D. A. Silver Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; R. F. Schenectady, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. N. South Egremont, Ms. \$1.00; R. H. B. Attlebury, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Royalton, Vt. \$1.00; J. D. Palmer, Mass. \$1.00; O. D. New-York, \$1.00; G. H. O. Brand's Iron Works, R. I. (for Vols. 11, 12 and 13.) \$2.00; Mrs. L. G. Chaumont, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. J. Phoenix, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Durham, N. Y. \$3.00; W. W. G. & M. G. Girl's Flats, N. Y. \$3.00; A. F. Dalton, Ms. \$0.75; A. P. C. Canaga, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Ithaca, N. Y. \$1.00; D. S. Clockville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. R. West Niles, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. New Haven, N. Y. \$5.00; P. R. S. Niagara Falls, \$5.00; N. L. Elizabeth-town, N. Y. \$1.00; M. C. Xenia, O. \$1.00; P. M. Middlefield, N. Y. \$2.00; S. B. Union Square, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Dover, N. Y. \$10.00.



BOUND  
In Hymen's stolen hands.

In this city, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. Merritt Sandford, Mr. Lorenzo G. Guernsey, to Miss Sarah Jane, only daughter of Conklin Terry.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. J. Boyd, Mr. George Shultis to Miss Rachel Beam, both of Germantown.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. E. Devoe, of Ghent, Mr. Daniel J. Link, of Chatham, to Miss Sarah Leland, of Nassau.

In Stockport, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. L. B. Andrus, Mr. Joseph S. Jones, to Miss Martha Teal, both of Kinderhook.



LOOSED  
From the fetters of Earth.

In this city, on the 19th inst. Corlesta Ophelia, daughter of Jesse L. and Emeline Rowley, aged 8 months.

On the 13th inst. Caroline, daughter of Jacob C. and Charlotte Burger, aged 1 month and 12 days.

On the 13th inst. Frederick W. son of Peter H. and Jane Bryant, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 14th inst. William H. Barnard, in his 48th year.

On the 25th inst. Elizabeth Freeland, in her 76th year.

In Ghent, on the 21st inst. George W. son of Riley and Amelia Rebee, aged 5 years, 8 months, 10 days.

In Rockford, Ill. on the 16th inst. of bilious fever, Mr. Amos Woodruff, aged 41, formerly of this city.

In Albany, on the 6th inst. Cornelia, daughter of the late Judge Patterson, of N. J. and widow of the late Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany, aged 64 years.

At Claverack, on the 24th inst. Philip H. Bortle, in the 94th year of his age.

At Saratoga Springs, on the 15th inst. at the residence of his father in law, the Rev. F. Wayland, William L. Stone, Esq. Editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser, aged 52.

In Greenport, on the 9th inst. an infant child of Peter and Sarah Plass, aged about 5 months.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE MANIAC'S APPEAL.\*

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Oh! canst thou smile at such a one as me?  
 Canst thou deride the veriest wretch on earth?  
 Oh! canst thou mock exquisite misery,  
 Or find in my despair a theme for mirth?  
 Mark'st thou these soulless eyes' bewildered gaze?  
 With bitter tears alone the dull orbs shine;  
 And yet thou laughing maiden there were days  
 When they were bright, and full of soul as thine.  
 Look at this form, this brow, these sunken cheeks;  
 These wild grey locks that shade this shriveled neck;  
 Is there no trace remaining that bespeaks  
 This crazed old creature, splendid beauty's wreck?  
 Ah, there were days when this wan brow was fair,  
 When roses blossomed on each haggard cheek;  
 Days when I wreathed these locks with maiden care,  
 In glossy ringlets round a pearly neck.  
 This form then moved with light elastic grace,  
 And polished beauty clad the round turned arm;  
 This bosom like the snow bird's resting place  
 Of pure white drifts, could boast the tender charm.  
 And then within this bosom beat a heart  
 Blithe as a song bird in the morning beam;  
 The grief of sympathy was all its smart—  
 And hope, and joy, and rapture all its dream.  
 My spirit then was proud. It trod the way  
 Of virtue, honor, science, deathless fame,  
 I traced the serious page, the sportive lay,  
 And hoped to win and wear a shining name.  
 Oh, I was happy then—I little thought  
 That days like these should circle round my head;  
 That years with cold distraction's midnight freight  
 Should toss me on their billows, to the dead!  
 Yet so it is—and thou canst see me roam  
 Half-naked, pinched with hunger, bathed in tears;  
 The sport of giddy fools, without a home  
 To shelter and protect my wintry years.  
 And I have not one friend, whose tender grief  
 Could blunt the point of this intense despair,  
 And I shall sink a stranger to relief  
 On the cold earth, and die, unpitied there.  
 Yet once I trusted friendship, and believed  
 That her sweet garlands in eternal bloom  
 Would bless through life the bosom they deceived,  
 And hang in drooping beauty o'er my tomb.  
 Aye, friendship boasts of endless truth in vain,  
 But task her—and she wearies and departs;  
 In bliss I'd friends—now, sunk in want and pain,  
 I seek them—and now I find, cold, frozen hearts.  
 I heard thee say with scorn's envenomed smile  
 "She is a fool, her brain is turned by love."  
 Love! Love! Oh, love for me was Heaven's own smile,  
 Pure as an angel from the world above,  
 My soul was full of love! Love high, and pure,  
 For one whose noble heart deserved it all.  
 Such love must to eternity endure,  
 'Tis strong as death. No power can break its thrall.  
 All joy was then my own, by night and day,  
 Hope sung, and rapture bloomed for *his* dear sake—  
 He died!—I felt despair her cold hand lay  
 Upon my heart—I felt it writhe and break.  
 Fierce frenzy seized my brain—I felt her grasp—  
 Whirlwinds of maddening flame raged in my soul—  
 And hopeless agony's unwielding clasp  
 Throttled my spirit, with her fierce control.  
 And thou canst smile at such o'erwhelming grief,  
 Oh, pause and think on what I suffered then!  
 The agony that never found relief!  
 I never smiled; nor have I hoped since then.  
 Oh, now you weep! I bless you for your tears,  
 They seem so cooling to my burning brow.  
 And they become thee well; for coming years  
 May make thee such a wretch as I am now.

\* The above is an early production, written while the talented Authoress was quite a child.

For the Rural Repository.

BIANCA RISOLO, niece of "Andrea the Stern," Doge of Venice, was very lovely in person, and gifted with rare musical powers. Antonio Lavalla, ambassador from the Court of Spain, was preferred by her, before the haughty nobles of Venice. To escape the fury of the Doge—who frowned on their attachment, they embarked for Spain on the night of a great festival. Lavalla bore her in triumph to his own court, where he had rendered himself an especial favorite by his brilliant diplomatic services.—*Souvenirs de Italy.*

PROUD Venice with her glittering spires o'er Adriatic's tide,  
 Rose on the water's gloriously—the "Ocean's fairy bride"  
 And o'er her thousand palaces the moonbeams brightly shone,  
 Bathing the distant bridge of sighs with glory not its own.

List! list! there's music o'er the wave where the Rialto swells,  
 And from the Ducal palace now the sound of revel tells,  
 That crowned head and queenly state, have for awhile forgot  
 Their stern and regal dignity, as if they held it nought.

A gondola is waiting 'neath a flower-wreathed balcony,  
 And a cavalier too is there whose voice of music free—  
 Blends with his lute upon the breeze in magic cadence light—  
 "List thee—Bianca would'st thou fly from yon bright halls  
 to-night—"

"Come, while the dazzling throng await thy presence with the  
 brave,  
 Yon gallant bark shall bear thee hence—far o'er the dark blue  
 wave;

And there thou wilt be all my own, and in our sunny home,  
 No tyrant with his dreams of pride and power can ever come!"

Lightly the breeze sprang up to waft the buoyant bark along,  
 As if it knew a peerless freight its bannered deck had won,  
 And the music of the minstrel's lutes had faded o'er the main,  
 Ere Andrea knew his "Queen of Song" he ne'er might see  
 again.

Then loudly rang the fearful shout of the Doge's trumpet tone,  
 "To sea! to sea!" and a gallant fleet soon bent each topsail  
 home;

Like petrels borne on stormy blast, the proud ships bounded on,  
 And the booming of the distant guns, echoed the isles along.

Ah! vainly—vainly did they set each straining mainsail free,  
 Lavalla's bark like a spirit-bird swept onward o'er the sea;  
 In all Venetia's princely ships there was none like that minstrel  
 crew,  
 And lightly they sang of the noble's wrath, as the light bark  
 onward flew.

That brave old fleet hath sought again the Ocean's fairy Isle,  
 But on Hispania's sunny shore, Lavalla's bark the while—  
 Rests proudly; and the "Queen of Song" is now Lavalla's  
 bride,

And Ferdinand hath seated her by Isabella's side.

Chatham, N. Y. 1844.

H. A. B.

For the Rural Repository.

## YOUTH, MANHOOD AND OLD AGE.

How gay and bright the dreams of youth,  
 All life appears one seal of truth;  
 One crystal seal, where virtue's glow,  
 Reflected, smiles on all below,  
 And Hope wooed to her breast  
 The bashful youth, the maiden coy,  
 With promises of bliss and joy,  
 And love forever blest.

Lo, manhood comes: how changed the scene,  
 From joy to care, from bliss to pain;  
 From love to sorrow, mourning strife;  
 Those partners of maturer life.  
 And, all in youth so gay,  
 Now wears a sombre scowl—distrust,  
 And thirst for gold, rude living dust,  
 With paralyzing sway.

At last old age with locks of snow,  
 With whistling voice, and bending low  
 With tottering step, that claims repose;  
 Comes in the final scene to close.  
 And in a feeble breath  
 Rehearse the epilogue, which told:  
 Distrust, pain, care and strife, and gold,  
 Salute their master—Death.

Montgomery, Ala. August, 1844.

J. G. W.

## LOVE—WOMAN'S CHIEF ATTRACTION.

WHAT I most prize in Woman  
 Is her affection—not her intellect.  
 Compare me with the great men of earth—  
 What am I? Why a pigmy among giants!

But if thou lovest—mark me, I say lovest—

The greatest of thy sex excels thee not?

The world of Affection is *thy* world—

Not that of Man's Ambition. In that stillness

Which most becomes a Woman—calm and holy—

Thou sittest by the fireside of the Heart.

Feeding its flames. The element of fire

Is pure. It cannot change its nature:

But burns as brightly in a gipsy camp

As in a palace hall.

The oldest Literary Paper in the United States.

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The character and design of the Rural Repository being so generally known, it would seem almost superfluous to offer any thing further; but, we are induced to submit to the public two paragraphs containing condensed extracts from notices of the "Repository," published in various Journals, throughout the United States, in the room of praising ourselves as some are under the necessity of doing.

"The 'Rural Repository' is a neat and elegant semi-monthly Periodical, published in the City of Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y., and which we believe is the oldest literary paper in the United States; and while it has made no very great pretensions to public favor, it is far better than those publications who boast long and loud of their claims to public patronage. Amid the fluctuations of the world, and the ups and downs of the periodical press, for nearly a score of years this little miscellany has pursued 'the even tenor of its way,' scattering its sweets around, and increasing in interest and popularity, and our readers will, of course, infer, that if it had no merit it would have shuffled off this mortal coil 'long time ago.'

"It is devoted to Polite Literature, and no where in the United States, is it excelled for neatness of typographical execution, or in appropriate and useful selections. As an elegant specimen of letter-press printing it stands without a rival, and it may be said, in truth, to be a specimen of the 'art preservative of all arts.' It has outlived many a flouting city rival, 'Mirrors,' and 'Gems,' and 'Caskets,' (gaudy as butterflies, and about as long lived,) and now if the 'Repository' does not outshine the last novelties, it will survive them, and charm many a reader after their titles are forgotten. Its columns are filled with agreeable and interesting miscellany, well calculated to interest and instruct the young of both sexes; and the good taste and discrimination of its editor is evinced, in the total exclusion of those long and pointless productions which lumber up the columns of the 'mammoth' sheets of New-York and Philadelphia. In short, we know of no Journal of similar character, better calculated to cheer and enliven the family circle

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1844.

3<sup>d</sup> EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.